S. Terry McLean

Casual rhymes.

Astoria, Oregon.

This is the happy New Year day,
We'll all make calls in the usual way;
Eat and drink and Merry be
But take Care, don't go on a Spree.

January 1-84

This is the day we all intend
Our Naughty ways for to Amend
But O! to judge us by the past,
Good resolutions seldom last,-

Jany 2-84

We all join together, to praise this fine weather
Just freezing enough, to not be too rough
On our delicate skins, not used to cold winds.

Jany. 21-84

A good shower of rain to remind us of yore
And to judge from the Sky we shall have plenty more
The side walks are Muddy and as for the Street
If you wish to go cross over look out for your feet.

Jany 25, 84

How thankful we should be
For this quiet day of rest
From daily toil now free,
We feel that we are blest;

At call of bell we wend our way
To Church as Christians should
We hear the good Man talk and pray
And feel it does us good

Sunday Jany 27. 84

No rain nor snow to-day appear
But pleasant 'tis for the time o' year
While in the East 'tis freezing cold,
An open winter here behold.

Jany. 28/84

The other day I was boasting of the fact that we are having a mild and open winter,
But,

I am now sure
It was too premature,
For its snowing and its blowing
And its freezing and we're sneezing,
And the young folks are sleigh riding
While the boys are down hill sliding.

Feby. 8-84

Sleighing and snow-balling are all the go,
Taking advantage of this beautiful snow,
And boys and girls are having their fill
Coasting down slippery Benton Street hill.
2/9/84

Your funny Valentines
Are too jimmensely funny,
Your sentimental ones
Are rather too-too utter.
Your pretty stylish one
Cost too much money,
Which were better used
In buying bread and butter.
Therefore my gentle swain
You better ponder your own refrain.

Feby. 14-84

This weather is too rough
Of snow we've had enough
It will do very well
Just for a little spell
But to be honest and plain
I prefer Oregon rain.

Feby 18. 84

Regular warm old fashioned rain
It Coming down in good style again.

This is the day to tell the racket
Of Washington and his little hatchet,
How he commenced on a Cherry tree,
But finally made his Country free.

This day my age is forty five
And still I find myself alive;
'Tis meet that we our thanks should give,
To God above, who lets us live,
Many have slept along the way
As Children, tired with their play,
While some have hurried past us fast,
Like soldiers eager for the war.
The mystery of life we cannot read
But wisdoms teachings all may heed
So guide our bark ~~from~~ as best we may
~~day to day~~
Past rocks and shoals from day to day
And gain some Knowledge from the past,
Some hope to cheer us at the last.
So may we find as years go by
That we are less afraid to die.
Try selfishness to put aside
And avarice and modern pride,
And strive to do what'er we can
To cheer the life of our fellow man,
Better our birthdays be but few
With something done to prove us true
Than live a hundred years or more
Like some old wreck upon the shore
With nothing to endear our name
Or leave behind a worthy fame.

July 14/85

In Californias genial clime
I passed some years in bygone time
The sun was bright - the sky was clear
All nature seemed the heart to cheer
Their juicy melons cant be beat
Their grapes are luscious rich and sweet
The Apricots and peaches rare
Are large and fine beyond compare
I left ~~that~~ land I scarce know why
But in that land I yet may die.

This place I know does chances give
To get the wherewithall to live
But this climate damp and chill
The tender plant will sometime kill
Which if transplanted ere too late
May bring to pass a happier fate

Our tender plants are children five
Which now are each and all alive
And if transplanted there to dwell
May grow up happy strong and well.

Astoria Feby 26/84

Once again I have to say
This is a fine and sunny day,
The change is great, since a week ago
When the glass was down to near zero,

2/28/84

Spring youth on space
The first of March is here
Soon merchants will the frosts displace,
The skies be bright and clear
The weather now is not so bad
But might be better too
If it were warmer I'd be glad
And so perhaps would you,

3-1-84

Though Ireland is far away
Her Sons can here observe the day,
St. Patric's day they celebrate
But few his virtues imitate,

Mch 17, 84

Oh the dreary dreary day,
Passing sad and slow away
Why do I wish to have it go
And sigh because it is so slow,

The years pass quick enough 'tis true
And soon our life will worry through,
Then let us cheerful be and try
To improve each day as it passeth by,

3, 18, 84

Let it to the World be Known
This City boasts a Telephone,
We are improving somewhat fast,
Showing our childhood days are past,
Gas Works are already here
And water works are very near

3/22/84

Fine Days are so rare, that we should not forbear
To mention each one, that is blest with bright Sun,

This day is about the style
I'd like to see prolonged awhile
Only it Keeps on always wishing
That he could get to go a fishing
Or somewhere else that he might be
From daily cares awhile set free,

3, 26, 84

All Fools Day

If you see upon the street
A package lying snug and neat
Don't attempt to gobble it.
Not a bit.
Some sly youth has placed it there
Who gets it he does not care
Remember this is April one.
His day for fun.
So friend your journey onward go
And what it is don't seek to know.
'Twere better so.

I bought a suit of clothes today
And what do you think I had to pay
Fifty dollars or more do you guess?
Oh no. they cost a good deal less.
Divide fifty by three and you come very near
To the sum you easily see they did not cost dear.
Such financiering as this Congress does show,
Should make me as rich as old Croesus I know,
But what I save one way goes in some other
And I fear I am destined in wealth ever to smother

4.11.84

Captain F. to Portland went today
The "Queen" Salvage Case to attend,
How long he'll be there I cannot say
But hope he'll accomplish his end.

To having a ship like the Queen is a trick
Which is not played every day,
And the day it was done they called him a brick,
But for which they don't now want to pay.

4.15.84

This book again I have neglected
But that is just as I expected,
I almost think there's nothing in it
And wonder why I did begin it.

4.30.84

In olden times as I've heard say
The young folks all on the first of may,
Went out in the meadows to gather flowers
And dance away the happy hours.

They chose for Queen a fair young maid
Who on her throne with crown arrayed
Received the homage they all did pay
Her subjects true for that one day.

May 1-84

The longest days in all the Year
of this particular Time a bear
Is daylight now from time till nine
Which you may think is very fine
It seems not so to bad I spose
If one could get enough repose.

June 23. 84

24th

The examination and closing Exercises in
Miss Bedolletts room, Warren Public School, were
of an interesting nature and pass through with
in a creditable manner.

Eliza Polly is in this room and acquitted herself
well, especially in Singing, so her teacher say
And I dont suppose she is at all prejudiced.

25

Attended Miss Conlys room today
Everything passed off in good shape. Hanna
is in this room, and did her part well.

26.

This afternoon the Alternation was in Miss Fields
room, the being the last in June to be held in the Warren
the Exercises were more interesting
Many of the selections were quite difficult and
were given in a manner which showed considerable Training and Application
Willies Paper on Oregon History was very
good for a boy.

June 27, 84

The examination exercises closed this afternoon in Mrs Martins room. Got there late and could not get in for the crowd, so I missed what I no doubt would have much enjoyed.

Heard Katy and Miss Blackburn play a duet.

Now boys and girls for a good long rest,
Vacation is here at last
You've studied hard and done your best,
And most of you have "passed."

But you should always try each day,
To do some little good
Work and Study as well as play
As all good Children should.

This, My forty fourth birth-day.
Is passing quietly away.
I cannot coax old Time to stay
In his dear Mansion even a day.

Sixteen years have now passed by
Since Father Congdon the Nuptial Knot did tie,
When Mary Smith as may be seen
Was changed to Mrs. S.H. Mellen

July 16, 24

Yesterday Mary prepared a little surprise for me by inviting a few friends to call in the evening, in honor of my birth day, and our wedding day, among those present were Mr Blanchard Mr Upshur Mr & Mrs M C Grady Mr & Mrs Marsh Colonel and Mrs Spedden Mr & Mrs J G Hostetter, We had a very pleasant time,

Friendship.

Have you a friend? then cherish him
Whereever he may be
And never let a foolish whim
Cause you to disagree
For friendship is a precious thing
And should be always treasured
Our happiness from it doth spring
Its worth cannot be measured

10, 24, 24

For president pro vote today
And every voter has his day
If the Repubs should run again
The lucky man is J. G. Blaine

If Democrats shall have their way
As many no doubt hope and pray
Grover Cleveland is the man
Which will it be? Guess who can.

Nov. 4/84

The telegrams now seem to say
The Democrats have won the day
Preachers Clemden and Prohibition
Have sent the Repubs to perdition.

Nov. 7/84

The election is over and Cleveland is the man
As I presume he is not sorry that he ran
Blaine he got left by a very small figure
But that is just as bad as though it had been bigger

Nov. 14th

The Democrats are having a grand time to night
to celebrate their victory in the presidential fight.
The Democratic donkey which has long been laid away
since the days of old Buchanan has not had a word to say
It brought from its seclusion and is taking quite
a part,
In the revis and confusion
Which cheers the Democratic heart,

Nov. 15, 84

The snow is falling fast
And it looks like it would last
The wind is blowing too
And it chills one through and through
It would need a coat of leather
to protect one from such weather.

Dec. 22, 84

Christmas days are coming
And the children all are gay
For they always look with pleasure
On the coming of that day.

I want to make my wife a present
Of something good and nice
But the things which I would like to get
Are all too high in price.

So I will learn to guage my present by my purse,
Buy something neat and useful
And be glad it is no worse.

Dec. 23. 84

Rain Snow and hail
Each in turn prevail

This is the last of eighty four
Wonder what next year hath in Store

Dec. 31,

Just two years ago today
I started off in about this way
Thought I'd write a verse or two
Each day until the book was through.

I did not write much I confess
This year I may do even less,
Better perhaps write less than more
For what is written once is sore.

Astoria Jany. 1/86

I will not talk reform today
For that is no good any way
Each day we should endeavor control
Some flaw of treacherous bar and shoal

Jany 2d.

Some lives may be compared to a shallow crooked river which flows over rocks and treacherous quicksands. There is no verdure on its banks, no beauty in its flow. It seems to do as much harm and as little good as possible. The evil it does seems in harmony with its nature, while the good it does is from accident or necessity, and not from intention

Jany. 9/86

Other lives may be likened to a mountain torrent which during the rainy season pours down the hillside and through the valley carrying destruction and desolation in its path.

But when the drouth of Summer come and trees and beasts pant for water it is not to be found.

10th

Yet other lives are more like a beautiful Mountain Stream, which flows through rugged hills, covered with green forests at first, then through valley and meadow until it looses itself in the Eternity of Ocean.

It is not famous and is only known by those who live near but from its birth to the close of its career it has lived only to do good.

11th

But there are a few lines which more resemble a deep and mighty River which flows steadily and irresistably on through a Continent from its source to the Ocean. It bears upon its surface the Steamship and the white sail of Commerce. It is known throughout the world, and is always in sympathy with or taking a part in, some great enterprise, its usefulness and grandeur never diminishing but ever increasing until it reaches the end.

Jany 1786

Again the sleds are out,
Again we hear the shout,
Of the boys, as they slide,
Adown the long hillside,
And the jingle of the bells.
Of merry sleighing, tells,

Jany. 17 86

It is blowing a gale from the South
And the rain comes pouring down
There will not soon be a drouth
Within fifty Miles of this town.
The snow has all melted away
Like dew by the Morning Sun
But nobody wished it to stay
Since the Sleighing sets had come from

Table Decked for Miss Jones
On the "Palmetto" today
She'll call at Battles on her way
To the City by the Bay.

Katy Dane home by Steamer today
She has been ~~Home~~ four Months away
Were we glad to see her. Did you say?
If You'd seen the Children, Mama and me,
That we were quite pleased I think you'd agree,
The trip did her much good
As we all hoped it would,

July 10, 86

Forty six Years old today
And weigh one hundred pounds
The truth I'll tell You any way
However Strange it sounds,

My Circumstances are not such
As to make glad my heart,
I think in life so very much
Depends on how we start,

If it be so in the poet says,
"Whatever is, is right"
Then probably it wise pays
"With luck or fate to fight"

The fates show us let us prize;
Be Cheerful and Contented;
Then hope within us Strong will rise
And Sorrow be prevented. (July 14 '86)

Summer Musings

Many will go for a Sunday ride
And some will try Camping out
Others will Choose the Seaside
Many the Hotel de Stout,

I'll go — to work in the usual way
From Morn 'till night in the office be
With little Change for me to see
I long at times from work to be free,

But sometimes when the days work's through
I take a walk upon the hill
And gaze upon the sky so blue,
Or in the broad bay, Calm and still,

The fishing boats are spreading sail
Upon their mighty task to brave
They seem to dance before the gale
Nor storm nor breaker do they fear

Beware, dear fisherman beware!
Oh do not tempt the angry wave!
For many now for want of care,
Sleep their last sleep in watery graves.

How the scene is fair to view
The white sails dot the broad bay o'er—
The hills beyond with somber hue—
The distant Ocean's constant roar.

At last the golden orb of day
Has sunk beneath the glowing West—
The Sky is changing dull and gray
And nature quiet goes to rest,

July 17/86

New Years day has come around once more,
And brings us twelve months nearer to the other shore;
The year is buried with the thousands gone before—
Our hopes like Years gone by have perished one by one,
And according to all reason we soon should be undone
But like the new born year, just opening into life,
New hopes rise in our bosoms to fit us for the Strife,
To balance joy with sorrow and see which weighs the most
Would be a task not easy though neither much could boast,
So let us make the most of life and do what good we may
And it matters not so very much, how long or short our stay.

Jany. 1/87

To Katie on the occasion of her starting for
her Trip, by Ocean Steamer.

Our life is like a voyage at sea
We start with hopes all bright-
Some heavy Cares and Troubles free
With hearts and spirits light.

But Breakers dash upon the shore
And Storms are like to rise
Then when you hear their first faint roar
Steer clear like pilot wise.

When danger threatens look above
For help and guidance true
Trust to Gods mercy and his love
And He will see you through.

July 29-87

To My Wife

Another Year has passed away
Since I penned a line on your birthday.
And now what shall I further Say:
If we Consider, we shall find
That fortune hath not been unkind,
Though we've not been void of Care.
We've had enough to eat and wear,
Books to read of varied Kind
With Knowledge thus to Store the Mind.
When evening Comes we play and Sing
And make the house with music ring;
And when there Comes a pleasant day
We all go out to play Croquet:
Thus with mingled work and play
The days are gliding swift away.

June 24, 58

Written in a Young Ladies Album.

Friendly advice is a good thing to give—
When you cannot give anything better
Though seldom 'tis followed, as long as you live,
The giver thinks you are his debtor.

In choosing a ~~beau~~ husband I'd first have you know
That good looks or fine clothes do not make him
If you find nothing more, best show him the door,
Or in other words quietly shake him.

But if you should find a man with some mind,
And one not afraid of hard work
Let me whisper to you, to him be ye true,
Be he Lawyer, Mechanic or Clerk.

To 2

I met her in Youths happy day
When Nature Smiled in its glad way:
Her face was fair, her Manner Mild,
Her roguish Eye my heart beguiled.

I've wandered all lifes Summer through,
And though I found kind friends and true,
Those happy days Come not again,
In her dear Smile I look in vain.

I saw her after many years -
When Care and Trouble, hope and fears,
Had left their mark on form and face,
But could not take from her that grace,
That Charm, which like the Morning Sun
Is ever near though each day runs,
Or like the perfume of the flower
Subtle and Sweet, with magic power,
'Twas but a Moment Snatched from fate,
But for such Moments Souls can wait,
May happiness her pathway tread,
May Sunshine round her heart be shed,
May blessings follow in her lead,
May She from Every Care be freed!

Attica June 30. 88

Autumn

The heart grows sad at the close of the year,
Even though the sky be clear;
'Tis emblematic of life near spent,
Of faltering step and form grown bent.
The leaves of the forest show frequent doubt,
That winter is hovering close about;
Though crimson and gold and yellow and brown,
They are perfumed cold winter's dread frown.
So life, though yet lovely and full of delight-
Is darkening on to the inevitable night.

Utica Nov. 1888

Chautauqua Papers

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while some have greatness thrust upon them". When I first saw this matter of doubt in my mind to which of the above classes I belong but now I am satisfied I must come under the last heading.

To be elected Prof. of Pedagogy in so celebrated an institution as the P. L. & S. Circle is a distinction to which I had never dreamed of attaining. That I have a very inadequate idea of the duties and responsibilities of the position does not argue that there are no duties or responsibilities; and the keenness and uncertainty connected therewith, make the position all the more attractive. I am convinced that the word Pedagogy must mean something and in order to post myself in regard to the matter and to make believe I always knew all about it, I searched the Encyclopedia Britannica for information, but could not find it there. The authors of that work either did not know there was such a word or more probably, found the subject too deep and profound for their mental calibre, and in their general confusion, dropped it like a hot potatoe. I determined not to give up the search for knowledge, so consulted a dictionary, which simply informed me that the word "pedagogue" means School Master. Webster's I had a dim idea

that such was the case all the time, but now I was sure of it and that fact gave me a sort of foundation or starting point. I am inclined to think, however, that if the word obsolete had been placed after the definition, it would have given the true state of the case,

There are Professors nowadays and Educators and even Teachers, but the true Pedagogue I believe to be an institution of the past

In his day and generation he was no doubt a very important individual. He was of consequence not alone within his own jurisdiction the School room, but also in the Community in which he resided. He was looked up to and consulted upon almost every question which came up, He was supposed to be posted on all matters, whether of law medicine agriculture or how best to frame a fractious colt. While he was probably not better informed or more intelligent than the teacher of today - as compared with the people by whom he was surrounded, he no doubt had the advantage. Although he generally ruled with a rod of iron - or hickory - and held undisputed sway over his little realm, yet there were exceptions to the rule; and many instances have been recorded where his authority was resisted, and his supremacy only maintained after a fierce struggle, May be has even been vanquished entirely, forced to retreat and leave his Kingdom in the hands of his rebellious

subjects. In those days localities the teacher was not supported by the School board and the citizens of the more cultivated communities. They looked with contempt upon a teacher who was not physically able to maintain his authority over the school and any intellectual or moral excellence he might possess would have little weight if the impression finally were lacking.

I did not propose to write more than a full discussion of the methods used in those days and compare them with the present.

Children attend School now from the age of five or seven until they are grown, and not, withstanding all the advantages of good school building, apparatus, improved books &c I think sometimes the results attained is not more as much as formerly with less advancement.

A few years ago all that was considered necessary for the study of geography, whereas four or five are now required; the Arithmetics contained far more and so with grammars, and yet children learned to master all these studies in as little time I think as they do under the present arrangement, I do not see that all the changes and improvements are for the best. In many instances but I fear we are trying to make things too easy for the children of the present day, We are trying to fix it so the child can acquire

knowledge without much exertion on his part, which is a thing that cannot be done. You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink, and likewise you may lead a child up to the fountain of knowledge, but unless he thirsts for it and is willing to apply himself to the acquisition thereof, he will not make any satisfactory progress.

I am not opposed to improvement or to the making use of every proper means of assistance within reach, but let us not forget that there is no royal road to knowledge, and whoever reaches the object desired must do so by hard work and steady application.

These remarks will apply, I think to Chautauqua Circles as well as to the School, and yet there is nothing discouraging in this view of the case, for we are so constituted that we are never happier than when we are learning to overcome obstacles, especially in the pursuit of some worthy object.

Whether the dangers of the last generation or two had more to contend with than the modern teacher is a question. There was then probably more ignorance and bigotry on the part of school officers and parents; there were poor and inadequately furnished houses, and poor appliances to assist him. But on the other hand we did not have anything like the routine work the present

December 16, 1886 Edwin
Ped.

Chautauqua Paper #2

The Universe, Solar and Sidereal

Chapter fifty of the Vedas and Puranas, treats of the Brahmanda, or, Not of the Universe exactly, but of that portion of it which is made up of the Sun and the Planets which revolve around it; also the Life of this Earth in particular and the Evolution of the different species as ascertained by Geological Research.

I feel greatly indisposed to undertake to say or write anything which could be either instructive or interesting on such a topic.

In the first place I have not paid that attention to the Study as one must along which its importance demands, and in the second place, there is such great difference of opinion among those who have devoted years of study to the subject, that at times I wish for me who am in the very A.B.C. of it to attempt to grasp the ideas set forth and arrange them into definite and practical shape. That this planet is much older than it was formerly supposed to be the case, and that man has been in existence on some condition for many thousands of years, seems now to be generally admitted. Although the Author of this work comes to the conclusion, from the time required for

certain erosions, such as at Niagara Falls and other places, that about six thousand years only have elapsed since the Glacial Period. There is however considerable difference of opinion on that point, the Author does not give the mathematical processes by which the conclusion in regard to the age of Earth, the Sun etc are reached, and that is probably just as well, for I fear the most of us are not Scientific enough to understand that part of the business,
So all we can do is to take the results as given and endeavor to come to some conclusion if one can of us can, and if not get on in doubt and ignorance as before.

According to Prof. Newcomb the mass of the Sun, including as I understand the Planets was originally spread out to an infinite by expanded form, (mist & fiery darkness), Space thirty million years, Well Dr Wm Thompson thinks it cannot be more than eighty million years for the Sun to cool from its original incandescent to its present State! As the Earth could not have been in existence before the Sun and it seems to me that both of these cannot be correct.

From there on I found in the science of Geology [illegible] instructive [illegible] I could conclude from

when men with our present means and knowledge attempt to make estimates of time reaching back when the Earth was "without form and void" and Millions of years farther, there is little reliance to be placed on such Estimates.

The Conclusions reached from a Study of the thickness of different Strata, which we are more or less reliable and there we can learn much concerning the history of this Earth and how it has developed into its present Condition.

I will not detain you by giving the estimates of the different epochs, I presume all of you have read the Chapter and have noticed that with the rest, I will merely say in Conclusion — The questions under Consideration are the same which have interested and puzzled the Minds of men from very early ages. What we are and for what purpose are we here, has been asked time and time again. Surely Matter without mind and intellect would be to no purpose. Intelligence must be at the head, and intellectual growth the object. The superior and highest developed minds are those which seem most inclined to investigate, and if possible fathom, the mysteries by which we are surrounded. The truest & kind way not themselves concerning these great questions,

[illegible] give little heed to them, the partially disregard [illegible] and perhaps, and the farther we advance the more [illegible] the desire to solve the great secrets of our Origin and destiny.

Jany 31, 87 [illegible]-K

Debate [illegible] #13

Mr President, Ladies & Gentlemen;

[illegible] are so entirely unlike that it seems difficult to [illegible] which was the more important event,

I think it would be fairer to put one political event against some other political event, or one discovery against some other discovery. But as we have to take the question as it is, I am glad that I find myself on this side, believing as I do, that the discovery and application of steam as a motive power has had a far greater and more important result, both to England and to the World at large, than the union of England and Scotland, [illegible]

block at first sight appear to be of very great importance, which upon close investigation are found to be comparatively unimportant. An event is of importance in proportion to the number of individuals it affects either for good or evil. Now the individual Citizen of either England or Ireland would probably have lived as well as long and as happily under separate governments as under one government. There might have been more fighting between the two peoples but as that is a thing of little amusement it would not have mattered greatly.

On the other hand I claim that the use of Steam has affected not only the people of Gt Britain but also of the whole Civilized and parts of the uncivilized world. It makes life easier and the chances for happiness greater by doing a vast amount of the heaviest kind of labor which would otherwise have to be done by men and animals. It may almost be said that Steam lengthens human life, inasmuch as it enables a person to travel from one place to another in less than half the time required before it came into use, and a man travelling small considers the time so consumed as about the same as lost, unless he is merely travelling for health or pleasure, in which case he can get from a slow train and take

decission in favor of our side

Jany 24 87

Greek Character and Religion

It is not my purpose in this paper to give a learned dissertation on Greek Art or Literature, but shall merely touch upon some points in regard to the peculiarities of Character and of the Religion of that great people as shown in their history and especially in their poetry and other writings.

The Greeks, or Hellenes, as they called themselves, were a very religious people. Perhaps in this respect they were no exception to the Nations by whom they were surrounded, but in religious and moral ideas they were as far in advance of those Nations as they were their superiors physically and intellectually. This I say knowing how far they were from being perfect in Morals, unselfish in patriotism or honest and straight forward in their dealings. The way to judge a people is by comparison with other Co. temporary peoples. But where is the Nation or race to compare with the Greek? It may be said that the Egyptians were ahead of them in Civilization and taught them many things. That they were for many years rude and uncultured in the Estimation of some of the more luxurious and effeminate Nations; that they were indebted to the Phoenicians not only for many articles of use or luxury but also for their very

Hellenes, transmitted all this and still there is enough left to establish their superiority in all the essentials of originality vigor and brilliancy. The Hellenes were never, from the time of Homer even to the present day, an effeminate race. The Romans notwithstanding their great military genius their cruelty & unscrupulousness, had, before the division of the empire, become so effeminately luxurious in their manner of living as to have hardly lost out done by the Asiatic Sardanapalus himself. At the time of Homer in fact the Hellenic people occupying the peninsula were then a race proper, also extending into Macedonia and inhabiting various islands in the vicinity. They were divided up into numerous tribes or nations and ruled by Chiefs or petty Kings. They believed in the gods but trusted more to their own physical strength and prowess, and they were rude and hardy, but were "right" from living and they respected intellectual ability. In a time that might made right" to a great extent, still there was a disposition to let fair play which showed them to be better than other people of their times, the people always had something to say and took an interest in public affairs, the Greeks never submitted to be governed by a despot in the sense of the Asiatic despotisms, for it was

the Poorer Classes only maintained their rights by a Constant Struggle with the Nobility, but they established a purer democratic government at Athens than, perhaps has ever been known before or since.

It may be said that if they did know right from wrong they did not always live up to what they knew, but do we even in this 19th century do that? The Greeks never heard of the Ten Commandments, never read Christs Sermon on the Mount, or the Golden Rule. Their ideas of right and Morality were such as they gathered from experience and from their instinctive knowledge. They were brilliant and imaginative but withal practical.

It was not for them to hear the thunders of Sinai but they listened with ears to the voice of nature and felt that some mighty hidden power must have brought all things into existence. But the idea of creation as set forth in our Bible did not occur to the Greek mind. Their theories were more in line with growth, development, evolution. Their Mythology reached back to an indefinate period. Changes there had been in the Main past, but matter had been in existence and some ruling power or powers. In time they came to worship a large number of deities and their imagination peopled earth Air and Sea with innumerable

beings possessed of greater or less power for [illegible] careful study of Homer we can get a better idea of the Greek character and mind in its various moods and under different circumstances than from any other source. Agamemnon for instance represents kingly power and arrogance as conceived by them at that time, Achilles is the type of physical strength and intrepid courage. Ulysses was the delight and revenge of Minerva, [illegible] capable of the most tender and pathetic love to his friend, Patroclus. Achilles fears no man, as pictures his without of passion to his king Thetis;

"O Monster! Most of insolence and fear
Thou keep in fetters but a slave a peer
Who dares thee thus provoke to unequal fight to dare
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?"

Presently Old Nestor wishes to make some remarks, Nestor the prime advisor the Sage Counselor, —

"To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian Sage,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled:"
Then Agamemnon; the king of men replies
"Thy fears are awful, and thy words are wise,
But that imperial, [illegible] mind
No laws can limit, no respect control,

Before his pride must his dispersion fall
His word the law and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
What King can bear a Rival in his sway?"

Then there is Menelaus, the wronged husband of Helen, Ajax the seven fold Shield who defended the ships so bravely, Diomed who rashly wounded the goddess Aphrodite, and Ulysses, the wise the crafty the resourceful the irrepressible. How each character looms up in its individuality and impresses itself upon the mind! Then we get from Homer a fair idea of many of the Customs Military and political, and of their Social relations. The piety of the Greeks was shown in all the affairs of life. No expedition was undertaken without first consulting the Oracle and many a one has been abandoned on account of some unfavorable Omen, even after it had been partly put in execution.

While with us religion is something Separate and distinct, to a great extent, from ordinary affairs, and Antagonistic to all worldliness and pleasure, with the Greek it was different. Their religion was mixed up and interwoven with all the affairs of life. Their Games, festivals, dances, were all to a certain extent, religious exercises, and their great tragedies were intended not so much for the purpose of entertaining as for instruction and for im-

pressing the mind with religious awe.

He [illegible] to offend show disrespect to the gods is perhaps this mistake. If in [illegible] the youth of Athens became less sincere, they had to be [illegible] letting their doubts be known. One of the charges brought against Socrates was that he did not show respect to the Gods but the accusation was devised, fabricated by [illegible] and [illegible] was false, Socrates was a conservative man and in that was possessed of a large share of common sense. Nothing was further from his intentions than to [illegible] the laws or the religion of his country.

His main idea was to set men to thinking. Speculation, philosophy had generally been devoted to the study of the great secrets of Nature, the secret of all things, problems which no man has yet been able to find out. Socrates endeavored to make men study and understand the common every-day affairs of life and of Government. His teaching was practical and for every body. He was a democrat in the true sense of the word.

It is from [illegible] that we know what Socrates was from personal [illegible] but [illegible] what Xenophon said of him may be accepted for about the truth. The pleasant little fiction which Plato makes Alcibiades tell, of Socrates standing in deep meditation and abstraction

all days and nights. was in South Carolina
of him but I do not suppose was intended to
be literally believed.

There has been much comparison
& Parallel with Jesus Christ, and in many
respects a similarity may be Traced. Each
was a Character Unique, Separate and distinct
from men other of their time, or of any time.
Each Endeavored to elevate and enlighten the condition of Man-
kind; Neither of them left any written account
of themselves or their work; Both suffered
death at the hands of their Countrymen, and
on somewhat similar trumped up Charges.
They both taught a wholesome regard for
existing laws and respect for those in
authority. But in details, method and
object there was a marked difference
between them. This difference, I think, was
to a great extent in a line with the dif-
ference in the Jewish religion and laws
from the beginning as Compared to the Greek.
The Jews had the Ten Commandments, they
had the Prophets; they had David and Solomon.
They believed in one God, the Jehovah who
was their God, and to whom they could look
in all times of trouble and Calamity. It is
true they did not at all times live up to their
laws and principles, but in as far as they did
do so they were prosperous and happy.
The Greek could not Compare with the Greeks

in [illegible] of Socrates & Plato is not a step, but
I cannot in this article, dwell upon all the
noted Characters in Greek history. We cannot
but esteem Plato as a great thinker and literary
genius, but his most famous work could hardly
be called practical. His best conceptions of
government and society could never have
been carried out in practice. Plato was
Aristocratic in his ideas and tastes and his
Republic, which could not exist without the
institution of human slavery, in order that
the leisure and more intelligent class might

have leisure for self improvement, would hardly be in accord with our notions of justice and of Republican governments, But to blame Plato for not being perfect would hardly be reasonable. He was far in advance of his time and his influence on the thinking world has been greater perhaps than that of any other individual. To the original thinker of the world, those who laid the foundation broad deep for others to build upon, we can hardly render too much credit.

Taken altogether it appears that the Greeks as a people did more for the elevation and delight of the human race than any other people ancient or modern. And it is proper to honor their memory accordingly.

Astoria July, 26, 1889

At fourteen O'clock this August day,
On the good Ship Columbia,
My family all sailed away,
Their destination San Jose.
There's little Eddie, young and bright,
Who nigh could bear me out of sight.
There's Polly, nine beyond her Year
Who's easy moved to Smiles or Tears,
And Winnie, practical and shrewd
Eager for fun but not too rude,
And Katie, gentle true and kind,
A better girl 'twere hard to find,
She will attend the Normal School—
And learn to teach the Young by rule,
And Willie, down from his retreat,
In San Jose they hope to meet,
Our eldest Son, our Manly boy,
His mothers pride and fathers joy.
Thus Mother, Willie, Kate and Winn,
Polly and Terry, it seems a sin
I am not there to make complete,
The Circle and our friends to greet.

Astoria Aug. 9/88

Two Chinese girls named Ah Wun and Ah Toi had been taken care of by the Portland Rescue Mid Society, but were stolen away by a Chinaman and taken on board of the PM Coloma, bound for Hong Kong.

Through the aid of the U.S. Court however the Society succeeded in getting them back and they are now in Portland.

The little China Maids Ah one and Ah two
Sat on the deck of the Coloma, quite blue
A heathen Mongolian who now I dont know
Said two little maids to China must go,
Some sinister purpose he had in his heart,
In which their lives welfare for seven a part
But the good U.S. Courts said no they must stay
And in this free Country learn to work and to play.
Back to Portland they went Ah Wun and Ah Toi
Their heads full of Knowledge their hearts full of joy.

Astoria Oct. 20, 89

A Seaside Rhyme

Camping by the Seaside, is having quite a run;
Camping in the Grove, I tell you it is fun.
Blankets and moss for your bed on the ground,
Dishes and traps lying promiscuously around.
Hurry up the fire for we are hungry as sin,
We'll never eat our supper if some one don't begin.
Moonlight on the beach, and we gaze out on the Sea,
From all care and worry for the moment all are free.
With a blazing big bonfire to keep away the cold
And every body happy, whether young or old,
Now the hour is growing late and towards the Camp we tread,
And being somewhat tired, say Good night and go to bed,
Breakfast is over ~~and~~ what now shall we do?
On the beach again for a lively morning view,
Then a Stroll through the woods, or an hour with a book,
And the first thing you know, dinner is to Cook,
But the best part of all is bathing in the Sea,
And if you don't believe it just come along with me.
Oh! what a crowd of bathers and how funny they do appear,
What varied Styles of Suits and funny looking gear,
The water is quite chilly and somewhat wet Seaside,
But 'tis not very bad if you take it at flood tide,
So I tell you 'tis a fact, when you feel a little blue
There is nothing like the Seaside, for health and pleasure too,

Astoria Aug. 23. 1890

To a Friend of my School Days.

I've been thinking of Astoria in her primeval days
Ere the people had put on their fine and modern ways.
There is somewhat to regret in the Changes which we see
But those days will not return, my friend to either you or me.
I know were much your Husband and like in their Style
So when I praise those bygone days it may provoke a Smile.
No one was Known to Hungary or Thought Fright was the board
With Cabbage and potatoes each Kitchen was well Stored,
The Beach was Around and brought in Fish and Clams,
While blackberries and Salalies made luscious jams
Fine Salmon from Shenook were Plentiful and cheap
And for "spuds" a good Sized Salmon was equal to a Sheep,
But then about Society? I think I hear one say -
There could not have been much of that in such early day
You there you are Mistaken as I will quickly show
Though Milliners and dress makers were not so thick I know,
But there were girls could sing as Sweet and were as fair
As any of your Modern belles and Just as fine an air.
We had our Spelling Matches, when Webby was King,
Just the same as Mrs Tilton which we doubt you have seen
But Oh! the dear old Singing School the place for fun and fame
Never Could sing at all you know but went there just the same
And we had our little parties with Games and forfeits too,
Where sometimes honest friendship into warmer passion grew
Then the Sister upon the water like the Deer was in the West,
And we sailed along in Speechly, with song and merry jest,
Yes the girls they were as handsome as gay and winning too,
And the boys were as Clean as now, I think so, do not you?

Astoria July 10, 1891

With the pleasures and the pleasures of our love-less life
Made up in two great measures of useless care and strife.
Both thy memory run go back to Victoria's early days,
Ere her people had put on their fine and modern ways?
There is somewhat to regret in the changes which we see,
But those times will not return again to either you or me,
I know mine much more cultured and live in better style,
So when I praise them by-gone days it may provoke a smile.
No one was known to hungry go the frugal was the board,
With every kind of garden stuff each kitchen was well stored,
The Siwash near around, and brought in fish and Clams
While Native fruits and berries made very luscious jams,
Fine Salmon from Chinook were plentiful and cheap,
(Half a dollar for a Salmon would have been considered steep
But how about Society? I think I hear one say;
There could not have been much of that at such an early day
Now there you are mistaken as I will quickly show,
Though Milliners and dress-makers were very few I know,
But there were girls could dress as well, and dance or play or sing
As any of your Modern belles, why should they not I pray?
We had our Social parties with games and forfeits too
Where sometimes merest friendship into warmer passion grew,
And in School, our Spelling Matches where rivalry was keen
Just the same as those To-day, which no doubt you have seen,
But Oh! the dear old Singing School the place for fun and game
I Never could sing at all, you see, but went there just the same,
Then the rides upon the water when the Sun was in the West,
And we sailed along so smoothly, with song and merry jest,
Yes the girls they were as handsome as gay and winning too,
And the boys were as brave as now; I think so, do not you?

Revised Copy of the Lines on page 58

Astoria March 1893

Clearchus was a Spartan brave
Stern and threatening was his look
He made his hoplites all behave
No disobedience could he brook.

Perdemus would a warrior be
But did not have that stern demeanor,
The good with him could well agree,
But bad men only grew the meaner.

Ulrion for riches only cared
He was a sleek and pitiless knave
For gain he many dangers dared
And hope of plunder made him brave.

From Xenophon's description of these generals
Treacherously put to death by Tissaphernes—

Cloudy and damp in the Morning
Sunny and pleasant at Noon
Rainy and warm in the Evening
Such was the first day of June
1893

Cloudy and damp in the Morning
Sunshine a little at Noon
Stormy and Cold in the Evening
Such was the first day of June.

Socrates Biographies

In Ancient Greece there lived an Xenophon
Plato Tales and Stesimbrotus,
From him we learn what we can know
Of Socrates who lived here below.
How he the Youth of Athens taught;
And how he for his Country fought;
Because this man so good and wise
Will men their faults and open their eyes,
They said that he the laws would change,
And things in general, disarrange;
That he did not the Gods revere—
But had for them no love nor fear.
Now Xenophon this man did love—
And said that he could clearly prove—
That Socrates the laws respected
And that the Gods he never neglected.

But if this man good better know
To Plato he'll you have must go;
There you'll find a picture true
Of the wisest man there ever knew—
How well he loved and how he died,
To merit praise his only pride,
And how, when fate decreed his end
Did scarcely try his own cause to defend,
But with strong hopes of a future life
He drank the Hemlock and gave up the Strife.

6, 1.93

The King of Spain with twenty thousand men
Marched up the hill and then marched down again.

A feat of equal glory and renown,
For which the hero will deserves a crown,
Has been accomplished even here,
By that noted little Tug, the Pioneer,
Away in search of the Yebo she went,
All hearts were buoyant, for on Salvage bent,
Three days they sailed upon the briny deep,
Oft up the rigging climbing for to take a peep,
But no sign of ship their eye did fasten on
So down to Frisco they did hasten on.
Then backward turned toward their homeward Port
Concluding hunting Salvage ship was not her sport.

The Capture of the Yebo

Now let us take a backward glance,
To contemplate the great advance
Which has been made in every line,
Since Wisconsin came in "Forty nine".
Upon this very ground once Stood
The Indian, with his dusky brood;
He hunted Elk among these hills,
And fished for trout adown these rills;
Instead of Steamships as Today
His light Canoe sailed on this bay,
His Wigwam Smoke we see no more,
He has passed away to the other Shore,
The Pioneer of early days,
Deserves our love, deserves our praise,
He Steered the bark across the main
He brought the wagon o'er the plain
He took a "Claim" and Made a Clearing
Where Seldom Neighbor was in hearing,
He built the Cabin, ploughed the field,
And made the Earth her fruits to yield,
When Uncle Sam gave each a Section
He thought he'd Stick it to perfection,
Instead of little Clearings, now
We see broad Acres for the plow;
Instead of Cabins cheap and Small
There now are dwellings large and tall,
Where the town began to grow,
Although at first most awful Slow;
A Store and Inn you first would see
And Ere Mills, Maybe two or three,

But soon a Church would there appear
And then a School House somewhere near,
They said, "Our Children must have learnin
While we our bread and clothes are earnin"
The Mill and Shop all came in time
And prison walls to Cover Crime,
As Step by Step these things have come
These pioneers are, one by one,
Dropping aside to give a place
To some new comer in the race,
We honor those who yet are here
And for the dead we shed a Tear.

Pioneer & Historical Society
Picnic at Smiths Point / June 23, 93

Solon, the Athenian.

All along through the ages there occasionally comes up a great character who stands, like some snow capped peak of a mountain range far loftier and more prominent than its fellows; such an one was Solon, the Athenian law giver, a man of superior mind, broad views and unswerving patriotism. Himself of aristocratic birth, his sympathies were with the poor and oppressed of his countrymen. His career began about the middle of 7th Century B.C. and continued into the early part of the 6th. He came upon the scene at a time when Attica was in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory State; and the poorer classes, especially the small farmers, were in a deplorable condition. Mortgages were as common as they are said to have been in Kansas not long ago. Instead, however, of having first indications of indebtedness recorded in the office of the Recorder, the fact was made known by placing upright stones upon the premises with the amount of the indebtedness and name of Mortgagee written thereon. Not alone was the land mortgaged but in many instances the person of the debtor, and his family or himself sold into Slavery to satisfy the demands of the creditor. The Nobles held all the offices, all the power and most of the wealth, and

the poor gradually became poorer until their condition became desperate, Solon sympathized with them in their distress and resolved to make an effort in their behalf. He did not, however, proceed at once to making laws which he would have been unable to enforce. He knew that he must first win the confidence and love of the people by showing his ability and disposition to help them. To this end he urged his countrymen to undertake the recapture of Salamis, which had for some time been held by Megara. The effort was successful, and did much towards making Solon a prominent figure in Athenian affairs. His next move was to place Athens in her proper position with regard to the religious affairs of Greece and the Temple of Apollo at Delphi.

This accomplished, Solon was in a position to begin his cherished work. His first great step was to relieve the poor of their indebtedness by cancelling their mortgages, whether upon their lands or persons. This move is one of the most difficult things to carry out imaginable, and shows that Solon was not only a man of superior ability but also that he had the confidence and respect of the great as well as of the poorer classes to a remarkable degree. He did not, as has been claimed, make a new division of all the land, nor divide out all

indebtedness, but her measures brought great relief to those most in need, and gave many a debt burdened Greek another chance in life. A few years prior to this time, the people had clamored so for a system of written laws, that the Eupatrids, or Nobles, had yielded to their request, and the Code of Draco was the result, the laws of Draco were so severe that the people considered themselves as badly off as before.

One of the first innovations introduced by Solon was making a property qualification for holding Office instead of the accident of birth. He also divided the people into four Classes; All those whose lands yielded an annual return of 500 Bushels or more of grain or its equivalent in wine and oil were in the first Class; From 3 to 500 Bush. were in the second Class, also called Hippias, or Horsemen. 150 to 300 Bush belonged to the 3rd Class, and the 4th Class included artizans, Sailors, Merchants etc who owned no property in land, called the Thetes. The higher Offices were filled from the Classes of land proprietors, and the Nobles belonging to Class 1 the first Class, probably continued to hold the Offices of greatest dignity, Instead, however, of electing Magistrates as they seem to have done before, they were now chosen annually by the Ecclesia, a general assembly of the people. In addition to the Ecclesia there was a

Senate consisting of 400 members, 100 from each of the great tribes, or political divisions. To the Ecclesia the officers had to give an account of their acts at the close of their term of office. While a property qualification was necessary in order to hold office, every citizen was a voter, had his voice in public affairs and in holding the officers accountable for their acts. Solon likewise established, or improved and put in force, the Jury System, which was afterwards much enlarged as to numbers and became one of the most remarkable judiciary institutions known in history. It is said there were as many as six thousand citizens on the jury list, and it appeared as though the principal business of the Athenian was to attend law cases either as juror (dycast) advocate or spectator. Aristophanes, in his Comedy called the "Wasps" satirizes the passion of the Athenians for sitting in the jury box and attending the law courts, in his inimitable manner. The jury system may have outlived its day of usefulness in Greece, as many think it has in this Country but at first it was of great benefit to the poorer classes in securing justice and in raising them to be of some importance in the State. I shall not attempt to give an account of Solons laws in detail, As near as we can ascertain they were adapted to the people

and times. Some of them were intended to encourage habits of industry and frugality, and were made with a view to the wants of the poor and Middle Classes. One, for instance, provided that no son should be compelled to support his father unless he had been given a Trade.

They touch on many little details of every day life, and sound as strangely to us as do many laws in force in England and the Colonies Two Centuries ago.

When asked if he had given the Athenians the best possible code of laws, he replied - "not the best but as good as they would have."

His laws did not at first satisfy either party, the wealthy complained because they were too radical and the poor because they were not enough so. Solon was importuned constantly, some wanting one thing and some another. Finally, to get rid of them and let matters take their Course he decided to quit Athens and Travel for a time. He visited Egypt and other Countries and acquired much good information. The Story of his intercourse with King Croesus of Lydia, as told by Herodotus, is hardly probable but is interesting and characteristic.

In Egypt he heard the tradition of the Island of Atlantis, supposed to have been situated in the Atlantic Ocean but long since submerged. Solon began to write an Account of the matter but died not live to finish the work.

Plato took up the subject over a hundred years later and gives a delightful account of the Island and its inhabitants as they are supposed to have existed. (But it remained for our Ignatius Donnelly to clear up and explain the whole mystery.) Upon Solon's return he found matters again in an unsettled state, and many desirous of a change, no matter what, very much like the Populist Party in the United States today. He found his relative, Pisistratus, who had fought with him, and as he supposed, had been in sympathy with his measures, now posing as a patriot, but working every possible scheme to make himself tyrant. Solon remonstrated with him and reasoned with the people, but to little purpose. Pisistratus became tyrant of Athens, or, as we would say, a despotic ruler, not necessarily a cruel or obnoxious tyrant. Solon was not only a law maker but was also something of a poet, and frequently used his talents in that line to assist him in his scheme for the betterment of his Country. It was in this way he aroused the people to make an effort for the recovery of Salamis. When he saw a despotism substituted for his democratical government and his laws, as he believed, about to be done away with, he gave vent to his feelings in verse, one of which reads as

follows:

"If fear or folly lose your rights betrayed,
Let not the fault on righteous heaven be laid;
You gave them guards, you raised your tyrants high,
To impose the heavy yoke that drags the bearing thigh."

This and similar utterances his friends feared would cost him his life, and advised him to fly; But when Pisistratus was well established he treated Solon with great respect and consideration, and continued the greater part of his laws in force.

Thus I think not improbable as Pisistratus showed great moderation and tact in the conduct of affairs after he became tyrant - but some accounts state that Solon died broken hearted upon seeing his government subverted.

It will appear, I think from the foregoing that Solon was a man of more than ordinary ability and character, but in order to form a proper estimate upon him and his work we must consider the times and conditions under which he lived, and the result of his endeavors.

The changes which he brought about not only gave immediate relief, but were far reaching in their effects, and were not the least among causes which made the City of Athens what it afterwards became, the most celebrated City in history -

m

Each Sovreign State doth our Thanksgiving claim
But Oregon now takes a higher aim
Our great Pennoyer says the twenty third
Shall be the day to eat our Turkey bird;
While Uncle Sam proclaims it one week later,
Now let each one decide which is the greater,
And if we cannot that fair point decide
Then Celebrate them both and peace abide.

Pennoyer has again broke loose
And taken his own "Thanksgiving"
Jid recommend an old tough goose
That's long been tired of living -
Then hie away to some retreat
Where he alone his goose can eat
And let the world go on its way
No more disturbed by his wild brey -

Astoria Nov. 1893.

The Town is in a Bad way.

The Ships no more Stop here
The Salmon fail to Come,
Which may Seem Somewhat queer
But to us it is no fun,
The times are awful dull
And I fear it so will Stay
In business there a lull
We are in a very bad way,
With taxes fun can pay
And money hard to borrow
And the Rail road far away
'Tis a picture full of Sorrow,
But when our Rail road gets a Start
These things will all be changed
So let each one do his part
And 'Twill all Soon be arranged,

Feb. 14/91

Those days of happiness, so fair, so fleeting
How they linger in the memory all the years,
Like a message from the past, with greeting,
Or like a dream that gladdens then quickly disappears.

Again I see that smile which was my life,
Again I see those eyes which were my light;
Again I dream of calling her my wife
Again the world has in it fair and bright.

Once more for me those dear old songs she sings
While all the Stars look on us from above
Oh why should moments such as these have wings,
And flying, leave but the memory of love!

But Cruel fate decreed that we should part
And tho I knew the value of the pearl, 'twas lost,
Now ever there a void within my heart
And I wander aimless, like a ship that's tempest tossed.

Feb. 21. 1894

I'm fifty four years old to day,
And yet my hair's not very gray;
But if you ask me what I weigh,
I really do not like to say.

This day will backward glance, and see
What has occurred since Ninety three,
Which much affects both you and me,
And in what way, and what degree.

Twenty Six years I've called you wife,
And these have not been years of Strife;
Which all can't say of married life
Where "family jars" are sometimes rife.

In worldly goods there's not much Change,
Which fact's not to my Strange;
Our business has a narrow range,
We have no Store, no Mill no grange.

We live not in a Massive dome,
But have our snug and cosy home,
From which we seldom care to roam
And where our friends delight to come.

The Year has not been free from Care,
Of which we all must take our Share;
Sometimes we think these things not fair,
And that we have too much to bear.

But if we could our Neighbor Know,
And all his Troubles he would Show,
We Sometimes More Content would grow,
And not Complain that things are So.

Our baby boy, So fair and bright,
We whose sweet ways we all delight;
To Day that he's just "out of sight;"
I think you all will Say is right.

And now what further Can I Say;
I think 'tis best my pen to Stay,
For your good fortune all, I pray,
And hope to meet you, next birth-day.

July 14, 1894.

This Canoe was made by an Indian brave,
And Tor-stub was his name.
His wigwam stood by the restless wave;
He was all untrue to fame.

Where the mighty Oregon its waters pour
Into the Ocean grand;
On the pure white Sand close to the Shore,
Lived this good Clatsop band.

With Craft like this they crossed the bay,
And out through the breaking waves,
Where many white men, since that day
Have found their watery graves.

We see no more upon this bay,
Poor Tor and his light Canoe;
For he and his tribe have passed away,
To the home of the Indian True.

Astoria June 1879.

Mothers Spinning Wheel

'Though out of date and out of use,
To us 'tis still most dear;
And trust we need not make excuse
For its appearance here.

June/95

For the Astoria Pub. Library
Exhibition of Curios, &c.

The fishermans Strike of 96 began in April and continued
six years. Half the season was wasted, and business almost paralyzed
they demanded 5¢ per lb. were offered 4. Compromised on 4½ ct.

The Royal Chinook, at his home in the deep,
Heard the news of the fishermans Strike;
And he gave through the waves a mighty leap,
Saying - "this is the news we like."

Then he Summoned his Kinsmen, far and near,
From the North and the West and the South,
And he said - "get a move on, and quickly appear
At the great Columbias mouth."

But when in the river, a Countless throng,
They soon became greatly disgusted;
For they found out the truth, which did not take long,
That the fishermans Strike had busted.

June 22/96

Work on the Astoria and Columbia River Rail road is now being pushed with considerable vigor but we will not have connection with the outside World before sometime in 1897
The Seaside branch has been extended into town, however, and the first passenger train came in Aug. 25th/96

The Rail road is here, now boys rejoice,
Expand your lungs and let out the voice;
What we have hoped for is here at last
And doubts and fears are things of the past.

Old John Jacob Astor was wise in his day
When he started his band of traders this way,
To his far seeing mind it appeared very clear,
That a great big City would some day be here.

Kind nature gave a harbor wide,
Where many ships can safely ride
And rivers broad to bring the grain
From every fertile inland plain.

But yet we did the one thing lack,
And longed to see the iron track;
Now let us rejoice, the road is here,
Expand the lungs and send forth a cheer.

August 25th 1896

We read, in days of Ancient Greece,
The Argonautic band
Searched for the precious Golden Fleece
In many a distant land.

In California, years ago,
Two miles and miles away;
But people to the mines would go
Where'er they had to stray.

Now on Alaskas distant Shore
That land so wild and cold
In larger piles than e'er before
Is found the glittering gold.

Why is it gold is always found
In regions far away;
Why could it not be lying round,
So one near home might stay.

Sept /97

The Astoria and Columbia River Rail Road gave a free Excursion to Portland and return, for those who had Contributed to the Subsidy in land or money, On Monday May 16. 1898- About 700 people availed themselves of the opportunity and had pleasant ride on the first through passenger Train on the New Road

My wife and I went to Portland together for the first time, and I could not help but contrast in my mind the difference betwen the past and present, which I have endeavored to express in the following lines:

Progress

First the Chinook Canoe
With its Indian crew;

Next, the flat boat or barge,
With white men in charge;

Then Steam boats did plough
These waters 'till now;

These in turn are, no doubt,
By the Rail Road, Knocked out.

May 16/98

fornia your paper, I know, is read for local news and prosperity.

Would it not be wise and pay your board of commerce to make a map across your whole inside, from Goble to the sea, and particularly showing a map of Astoria, n., s., e., and w. We have a map and photograph of Astoria before us before the railroad was built, and now that business is good and the Star of Empire, etc., westward. I would like to see a map of improvements and contemplated. Cuss it and discuss it.

R. P. SAXE & SON.

98

THE PLEASURES OF THE FARM.

Astoria, Aug. 6.—Editor Astorian.—I have long held to the opinion that the country is the place for man, including women, especially in the summer, and that opinion has been confirmed during the past week.

Last Monday morning I took the steamer R. R. Thompson at 7 o'clock for Skamokawa, for a few days outing and to visit my old friends, Mr. S. P. Marsh and family, who are now living at that place. I discovered, however, that a part of the family, including Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, were just now at their farm, some two miles from the village, and that communication is by water. While there is a very good wagon road leading from Skamokawa up the valley, I noticed most of the business of the place is done in boats. Fishing boats come and go, milk is brought from the ranches to the creamery in boats, and small craft of various description may be seen navigating the waters of this queer little village. After a short rest we started for the farm in a small boat, the passengers and crew consisting of five young ladies (including two visitors from Portland), and myself. I, of course, offered to do the rowing, but they would not listen to it, and I soon found they did not require any assistance from me.

The ride to the farm was very pleasant, the boat gliding through the waters of the inlet, the banks covered with green trees, the abrupt hills in places reaching to the water's edge.

It was nearly noon when we reached the farm, and there was only time for greetings and a short rest when dinner was announced. I sat down to a good substantial meal such as one only gets at an old fashioned farm house; fresh vegetables, milk, fruit, etc., to which I did full justice with the appetite gained by the morning ride.

After dinner we all went out in the field to see the men hauling hay and putting it away in the barn, and to have a ride on the hay wagon. There is something very attractive, especially to the younger people in the hay-making business; and truly this was almost an ideal picture of farm life that perfect July afternoon. The meadows, the old orchard, the garden, surrounded by a fringe of alder, maple and poplin, separating the farm proper from the surrounding forests; the fine old maple shade trees dotting the place here and there as if planted by the hand of man, and to make all complete, the mountain stream running through the meadow on its way to the Columbia.

Among the institutions of the place is the Chinese assistant, who has been on the farm for years and knows how to do everything, from tending the stock or the garden to the indoor work. It was interesting to watch him as he went from one thing to another, taking as much interest in everything as if he owned it all. The animals all seemed to know and obey his voice, but he sometimes found his match among them. Early one morning when the dew was yet on the grass, he undertook to remove a calf from one part of the field to another, but the calf, feeling somewhat frisky, made a sudden break for freedom, getting the rope mixed up with John's legs in some way, brought this son of the Flowery Kingdom to the ground as suddenly as any beginner on skates ever came in contact with the glittering ice.

When he came along my way I made a casual remark about the incident, but I could see John's dignity was hurt and I did not press the subject.

'Though I never fished nor hunted, nor labored in the fields, the days passed all too quickly, and almost before I was aware of it I found myself on the dock at Skamokawa waiting to catch the Gatzert on her way to Astoria. But I shall remember with pleasure my visit to the country and the kindness of this hospitable family.

S. T. McKEAN.

TO SAIL NEXT WEEK.

General King Will Get Away on the Arizona—Other Camp Merritt News.

San Francisco, August 6.—Brigadier-General King has announced his intention of sailing with the troops on the transport Arizona, which he expects will be ready next week.

Colonel J. C. Loper, of the Fifty-first Iowa volunteers has received a telegram from Congressman Hume of that State, advising him that his regiment would certainly be sent to Manila. As soon as the news was communicated to his command, the band paraded through the streets of the capital.

The quarterly report of the Manufacturer's and Producer's Association shows that the war has caused contracts of various kinds to be made in this city for about $2,000,000.

The ship Tacoma, carrying horses and mules to Manila, is detained in the harbor while repairs are being made to the engines used to work her condensers and electric light plant.

Quartermaster Sergeant Wortham, Company G, First Tennesee, who recently assaulted Private Neal, of the same company with a hatchet, has been sentenced by the second brigade court martial to pay a fine of $10 and to serve 20 days at hard labor. He must also descend to the ranks.

98

A SMALL POLICY.

ASTORIA, Nov. 12.—(Editor Astorian.)—If the dispatches are correct in regard to the position of President McKinley and the peace commissioners as to the amount to be offered Spain as indemnity for the Philippines, it looks like we are getting down to very small business in this affair.

If the only purpose of this government is to get as much as possible with the least outlay, then we had better quit posing as humanitarians, or even as high-minded and honorable people; throw off the mask, if we have had one, and reach for everything in sight. In one breath we propose to pay Spain about a million dollars and in the next gloat over the fact of the great value of the islands. It appears the president has discovered that public opinion does not favor giving 30 or 40 millions. Well, public opinion may be wrong; the president should have an opinion of his own sometimes. I do not pretend to know just what sum would be reasonable, but to offer a million is contemptible. If the Spanish commissioners do not refuse any such pitiful amount, I shall be surprised.

We should not forget that the eyes of the world are upon us. Our standing depends to a great extent upon the way in which we make peace with Spain. We are not to set ourselves up as judges of that people. To punish them for any crimes or missdeeds in the past is not our mission. The present is what we have to deal with. We are acquiring possessions of vast extent and value, and it would be far better for us to err on the side of liberality than to press Spain in such a way as to publish to the world that we are grasping and mercenary, notwithstanding our professions at the beginning of the war.

Forty millions may be too much, but let us either offer a sum worthy of their consideration, or offer them none at all.

S. T. M'KEAN.

Astoria July 14. 1886

This day my age is forty five
And still I find myself alive.
'Tis meet that we our thanks should give
To God above who lets us live;
Many have slept along the way
As children tired with their play,
While some have hurried past us far
Like Soldiers eager for the war.
The Mystery of life we cannot read
But wisdoms teachings all may heed.
To
~~Obed~~ guide our bark as best we may,
Past rocks and shoals from day to day
And gain ~~so~~ some Knowledge from the past,
Some hope to cheer us at the last.
So may we find as years roll by
That we are less afraid to die,
Try Selfishness to put aside
And Avarice and useless pride,
But strive to do what e'er we can
To chase the life of a fellow man
Better our birthday be but few
With something done to prove us true
Than live a hundred years or more
Like some old wreck upon the shore
With nothing to Endear our name
Or leave behind a worthy fame.

D. J. McKean

'Tis a Time you're going to leave us,
And perhaps You don't believe us
When I say that it doth grieve us,
But 'tis so,
We shall miss you in your Seat
Your face we shall not meet
As we walk along the Street
When you go.
But Astoria is our pride
So may fortune cheer our Side
As in prosperity we glide,
Is our prayer,
And when success has blest
Your efforts, you shall rest
In this Queen of the West
Free from care,

Astoria Jany. 25/81

J. M. Kearns

To a Friend of my School Days -

Mid the Scenes and the pleasures of our restless life
Made up in to great measure of useless care and Strife,
With thy memory I'm go back to Astorias early days.
Ere her people had put on their fine and modern ways.
When a Scandal I regret in the things which we see -
But those times will not return again to either you or me.
I know were much more Cultured and live in better Style
Do when I pass those bygone days it may provoke a Smile,
As we used them to hungry go through frugal was the board.
With every Kind of Garden Stuff each kitchen was well stored,
The Squash was steamed and brought in fish and Clams
While Native fruits and berries made my luscious jams.
Fine Salmon from Chinook was plentiful and cheap.
Only a dollar for a Salmon would have been considered steep.)
But how about Society ? I think I hear me say;
How could we have been much of that I such an early day.
Now there you are mistaken as I will quickly show -
Though Milliners and Dressmakers were very few I know
But those were girls could dress as well and dance or play or sing
As any of your Modern belles why should they not, I pray ?
We had our Social parties with Games and forfeits too
Where sometimes merest friendship into warmer passion grew

And in School our spelling matches, where rivalry was Keen
Just the same as there to-day, which no doubt you have seen,
But Oh! the dear old singing School, the place for fun and fame,
I never could sing a note, you see, but went there just the same
Then the rides upon the sleigh when the snow was in the West
And we sailed along so smoothly, with song and merry jest,
Yes the girls they were as handsome, as gay and winning too
And the boys were as brave as now, I think so, do not you?

Astoria July 10/91

Written by my father S. Terry McKean II for a Reunion of Pioneers at D. W. Evans-Astoria Home 1891

Astoria Or. July 14. 1891

my father's 5th St. brick store.

I've been thinking of Astoria in her primeval days,
Ere the people had put on their fine and modern ways.
There is somewhat to regret, in the Changes which we see,
But those days will ne'er return, my friend, to either you or me.
I know were much more Cultured and live in finer Style
So when I praise those by gone days, it may invoke a Smile,
No one was known to hungry go though frugal was the board.
With Cabbage and potatoes each Kitchen was well Stored.
The Siwash was around and brought in fish and Clams
While blackberries and Crabapples made very luscious jams,
Fine Salmon from Chinook were plentiful and cheap
And for Suppliss a good sized Salmon is equal to a Sheep.
But how about society I think I hear one say.
There Could not have been much of that at such an early day.
Yes there you are mistaken as I will quickly show,
Though Millineus and dressmakers were not so thick I know,
Yet there were girls who sang as sweet and looked as fair
As any of your modern belles and had as fine an air.
We had our Spelling matches, where rivalry was keen,
The same as there is to day which no doubt you have seen,
But oh! the dear old singing School, the place for fun and fame,
I will Could sing it all you know, tol wol there just the same,
And we had our little parties, with games and forfeits too
Where sometimes merest friendships into warmer passion grew.
Then the rides upon the water when the sun was in the west,
And we sailed along so smoothly, with song and merry jest.
For the girls they were as handsome as gay and winning too,
And the boys were as brave as now, I think so, do not you?

Pinion Historical Society

Picnic June 23, 1893

This day will take a backward glance,
To contemplate the Great advance
Which has been made in every line,
Since white men came in "Forty nine".
Upon this very ground once Stood
The Indian and his dusky brood;
He hunted Elk among these hills,
He fished for trout adown these rills,
Instead of Steamers as To day,
His light Canoe sailed on this bay;
His wigwam Smoke in Air no more,
He has passed away To the other Shore.
The Pioneers of the early days,
Deserves our love, deserves our praise;
He steered the bark across the main,
He brought the wagon over the plain,
He took a "claim" and made a "claim",
Where seldom neighbor was in hearing;
He built the Cabin ploughed the field,

How few of happiness, so few, so fleeting,
How they linger in my memory all the years;
Like a message from the past, bringing Greeting,
Or like a dream that gladdens, then quickly disappears.

Again I see that Smile which was my life.
Again I see those eyes which were my light;
Again I dream of Calling her my wife,
Again the world to us is fair and bright.

Once more for me those dear old Songs the Sings
While all the Stars look on us from above;
Oh why should moments such as these have wings,
And flying, leave but the Memory of love.

The Rail-road is here, now boys rejoice,
Expand your lungs and let out the voice;
What we have hoped for is here at last,
And doubts and fears are things of the past.

Old John Jacob Astor was wise in his day,
When he started his band of traders this way;
To his far seeing mind it appeared very clear,
That a great big City would some day be here.
Kind nature gave a harbor wide,
Where many ships can safely ride,
And river broad to bring the grain,
From every fertile inland plain.
But yet we did the one thing lack/
And longed to see the iron track;
Now let us rejoice, the road is here,
Expand the lungs and send forth a cheer.

Astoria Aug. 25. I896

Biographical Sketch
6

Jan 1/97

Col. James Taylor

Like Mr. Gray, first settled on Clatsop, but was not quite so early as the latter. He built a farm residence on the site of the present Taylor Mansion, in about 1854 but continued to live a portion of the time on his Clatsop Farm. His was also a hospitable house, where the guest was always made to feel at home. Their family consisted of two sons and three daughters, the oldest of whom, Jane, afterward Mrs. Capt. J.W. White, was the only one at that time of age to be considered in society - and she was a very popular and fine looking young lady -

The Colonel was a sociable and pleasant gentleman, his wife an intelligent refined lady, consequently the family ~~was a great acquisition to the society~~ made quite an addition to the Social Circle of Astoria -

Poem of the first trip of the A.& C.R.R.to Portland.

Astoria,Ore. May,1898.

This day we'll take a backward glance
To contemplate the great advance
Which has been made in every line
Since white men came,in forty-nine.

Upon this very ground once stood
The Indian,with his dusky brood.
He hunted elk among these hills;
He fished for trout a-down these rills.

Instead of steamboats,as today,
His light canoe sailed on this bay.
His wigwam smoke we see no more;
He has passed away to the other shore.

The Pioneer of early days
Deserves our love,deserves our praise.
He steered the bark across the main;
He brought the wagon o'er the plain.

He took a claim, and made a clearing
Where seldom neighbor was a hearing.
He built the cabin,ploughed the field,
And made the earth her fruits to yield.

When Uncle Sam gave each a section,
He thought he'd struck it to perfection.
Instead of little clearings,now
We see broad acres for the plow.

Instead of cabins cheap and small,
There now are dwellings,large and tall.
Anon, the towns began to grow,
Although, at first, most awful slow.

A store and inn you first would see;
and saloons, maybe two or three;-
Pity such things should ever be_

But soon a church would there appear,
And then a schoolhouse somewhere near.
They said," Our children must have learning,
While we our bread amd clothes are earning."

The mill and shop all came,in time;
And prison walls, to cover crime.
As,step by step,these things have come,
The pioneers are,one by one,

Dropping aside, to give place
To some newcomer in the race.
We honer those who yet are here,
And for the dead we shed a tear.

S.T.McKean.

In Ancient Greece there lived an Xenophon.
Whose tales and Stories bright, please every one;
From him we learn much that we Know
Of Socrates, while here below.
How he the Youth of Athens taught,
And how he for his Country fought.
Because this man so good and wise,
Told men their faults and Opened their Eyes
They said that he the laws would Change
And things in General, disarrange;
That he did not the Gods revere
But had for them no love or fear,
Yes Xenophon this man did love
And Said that he could Clearly prove
That Socrates the laws respected,
And Even the Gods he never neglected.

(But if you would the better Know
Great Socrates, to Plato you must go,
There you'll find a picture true
Of the wisest man Greece ever Knew
How well he lived and how he died
To merit praise his only pride,
And how when Sentenced by the Court to die
To avert the fate would Scarcely try,
But with Strong hopes of a future life
He drank the Hemlock and gave up the Strife,

But here we have so few players.

As many folks told other fairers;

And as for passing on the way,

such port is very rarely seen.

But in this wet and chilly clime
The First of May is no great time.
The young do not gather flowers
Because of the too frequent showers;
And as for dancing on the green
Such pleasure here is seldom seen,

THOUGHT IT WAS THE OREGON.

Astoria, May 20.—(Editor Astorian.)—Living on the outskirts of town, where much of the ground is yet covered with the "forest primeval," and where the graceful hills have not been touched by the hand of man, is, without doubt, pleasant, desirable and conducive to long life; but it has its drawbacks and inconveniences, and one is forced to qualify the long life clause as at least admitting of some doubt.

Last evening being unusually pleasant and warm, and feeling in a mood to enjoy the quiet of nature, I took a walk on the hillside back of my residence. Feeling somewhat tired I did not go far, but sat down on a bunch of grass and leaned up against some friendly bushes, prepared toenjoy a few moments of quiet rest. But even there, where everything seemed so peaceful, quiet and safe, I was destined to have an illustration of the uncertainty of human affairs. I had fallen into a half dreamy state, my imagination reaching out into the future and picturing to my mind the mighty city which is some day to cover these hills and valleys, when suddenly I heard a noise as if a whole battery had been discharged. I thought at first that about fourteen Chinese New Years had been let loose at once, or the battleship Oregon had slipped in unknown and given us a salute. But when I saw sticks, stones, dirt and debris of all kinds flying over me and at me, I knew it was the result of a blast of powder on the hill near me where some grading was being done.

I was aware that real estate had been a little on the move during the past year, but I had never before known it to move so rapidly or go so high. I did not remain where I was, but also got up and moved. I wanted to find out what my neighbors thought of the occurrence. I found there was considerable excitement among them.

Mothers were calling their children, or rushing frantically into the street with a child or two in their arms, and everybody trying to find out from everybody else what had happened. Upon taking a census of the population it was found that no lives had been lost, but considerable damage had been done to houses in the vicinity.

I want to say in conclusion, to whoever set off that blast, that we are a quiet and peace-loving community, and when we go home from our daily labor we want to be let alone, and we herewith give him fair warning never to do such a thing again. S. T. McKEAN.

Each Sovreign State doth one Thanksgiving claim,
But Oregon now takes a higher aim
Our great Pennoyer says the twenty third
Shall be the day to eat the Turkey bird
While Uncle Sam proclaims it one week later
Now let each one decide which is the greater.
And if we cannot that fair point decide,
Then Celebrate them both and peace abide.

Ulta nika Olatawa Moosum
Nika potlatch nika tum tum Copa Sahala Tyee
Spose nika Mamalus Okoke polakla
Nika tickee Sahala Tyee
Iscum nika tum-tum.